

Democratic Union State Ticket

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
JAMES S. ATHON,
OF Marion County.

FOR AUDITOR OF STATE,
JOSEPH RISTINE,
OF Fountain County.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE,
MATTHEW L. BRETT,
OF Divis County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
OSCAR B. HOOD,
OF Decatur County.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
SAMUEL L. RUGG,
OF Allen County.

No Difference.

The New Albany *Ledger* says that a Republican friend—a most worthy and honest man—stated that his greatest objection to the platform adopted by the Mass Convention of July 30th was the declaration in one of the resolutions against a war for the "unification" of the Southern States. "Was it not for this declaration," says the *Ledger*, "its Republican friend could not see anything objectionable to the resolutions adopted. We have heard the same objection here from leading Republicans. The truth is that there is no difference in that regard between the so-called 'Union Convention' which met here on the 18th of June and the Democratic Convention which met on the 30th of July. The 'Union' or Republican Convention unanimously adopted a resolution which declared that 'this war is not being waged on the part of the Government for the purpose of conquest, subjugation or the overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of any of the States.' Where the difference between the two Conventions, unless one was honest in its declarations and the other was not?"

The Presentation of the Grand Jury.

Our amiable neighbor, the *Journal*, excepts to some comments we made upon the partisan character of the Grand Jury of the United States District Court at its last term held in this city. For the first time in many years, and at a period when the dominant party proposed "no partyism," we stated that "it remains for a no party Marshal to constitute a Grand Jury without a single Democrat upon it." In extension the *Journal* makes the following comments:

Judge Brown, of Owen county, was on that jury, and he is a Democrat. Daniel Sigler was on it, and he is a Democrat. There were two or three other Democrats on it, and as many Republicans, who, not being present during the whole investigation, did not sign the presentment. Benj. G. Stout was on it, and he was a "Bell" man in 1860.

We give the Republican organ the benefit of its exceptions, and every man who is acquainted with the parties whom it claims to be Democrats cannot but concede that it makes the partisan character of the Grand Jury the more apparent by its lame apology. The *Journal* might as well claim that JEDAS ISACROIT was an apostle in good and regular standing, as that Judge Brown, or DANIEL SIGLER, or the "two or three other Democrats on it," (the Grand Jury) are now identified with, or have any sympathy with the Democratic party.

We make no issue, however, about men. It is the facts we are criticizing. The testimony before the Grand Jury was one-sided. The accused had no opportunity to either examine or rebut the witnesses, and every lawyer, as well as every man who has attended courts, well knows that the cross-examination of a witness makes a vast deal of difference in the character of his testimony, and even the facts which he relates. How often is it that indictments presented by a Grand Jury, and honestly upon the testimony before it, when that evidence is thoroughly sifted, have been found to be utterly baseless? A secret tribunal, hearing only one side of a question, is not competent to decide upon the guilt of those who are thus brought before it.

But the *Journal* editor, who is a very learned and wise man no doubt, says "the Constitution of the United States compels 'all persons held to answer for any capital or otherwise infamous crime to be presented by a Grand Jury.'" There is no compulsion of this kind. Judge MARSHALL, who probably understood the character of the Constitution at least as well as the editor of the *Journal*, in an opinion discussing the 5th amendment of the Constitution referred to, says: "Each State established a Constitution for itself, and in local Constitutions, provided such limitations and restrictions in the powers of its particular government as its judgment dictated." In the Indiana Constitutional Convention of 1850, the proposition was made and favorably entertained by a large number of its members, to abolish the Grand Jury system, which they regarded as a relic of barbarism. In discussing the proposition, Mr. ANTHONY, not a Democrat, said:

The real object of the establishment of the Grand Jury system in Indiana was not so much for the protection of the people's rights and franchises as it was a covenant and most powerful prerogative of the Crown, to the aggrandizement and strengthening of which it has always contributed.

Under the Constitution then it appears that the Grand Jury system is not compulsory, but simply optional, notwithstanding the learned opinion of the very able editor of the *Journal*.

Another point. The *Journal* says the Grand Jury did not publish its presentment at all. Did it not make it public, publish it in full, by request of the Court to spread it upon its public record? It says the Court ordered that copies be sent to the daily papers of this city, and then requests us to explain "why it (we) didn't get its copy and publish it, as the Court ordered?" The explanation is very simple. No copy was sent us, and therefore the order of the Court was not obeyed, so far as we were concerned.

Again. We did not and do not plead for the immunity of traitors, as the *Journal* alleges. We only objected to the attempt, the infamous attempt of a partisan Grand Jury, a political secret tribunal, to prejudice the public and prevent the accused, to which the meekest criminal is entitled, from having a fair and impartial trial. We said, and we now say, if the accused are guilty of treason, in aiding and abetting that crime, punish them as they deserve, but there can be no more malignant act than the attempt for partisan purposes to prejudice men who may be utterly innocent and who upon a fair trial may be acquitted of any intent of wrong doing. Our Government has a meager despatch from Austria when a body of men, selected on account of their party bias, are sent in judgment upon a citizen, accused perhaps unjustly by personal and political enemies of a grave crime, and be condemned upon such testimony. This is the kind of justice that the Grand Jury afforded and the *Journal* justifies as a part of the American Constitution. From such Republicanism, "Good Lord deliver us!"

A gentleman in Mount Vernon has sent us the names of one hundred and five subscribers in Posey County in two weeks. He says the people there are highly pleased with the action of the Convention of the 30th ult., and predict from it a great effect.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

Glimpses at the Capital.

A Visit to the Contraband Depot—Physical and Intellectual Condition of the Dependents of Ham—Exemption from Labor their Idea of Freedom—A Darkey Prayer Meeting—Bress de Lord, we's Agoin' Home! &c., &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, August 1.

One of the prominent features in this most gigantic and unhappy war is that presented by the negro. One-half of the south has believed that the war was waged to give freedom to the slave, while the whole North has been agitated and divided, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, upon issues born of this newly developed subject. Ham, would to heaven that Nash had quietly departed Ham into the seething waters that were overflowing the mountain-top of the earth, ere he was obliged to say, "cursed be Canaan," for then humanity would have been spared the disgrace of a connecting link with gorillas and orang-outangs; America would have been blessed with unity, and Abolitionism have never existed.

Here in Washington are collected to day not less than five thousand negroes, composed of those freed in the District and those who have escaped from their masters in Maryland and Virginia. A large majority of this number have neither found situations in the country, or live here in Washington; the remainder are supported by the Government in barracks, which are called the "Contraband Depot." If the readers of the *Journal* would like to see a real picture of this place, for it undoubtedly possesses points of considerable interest.

Up Twelfth street, till we reach the suburbs of the city, on the north side, and here, in the center of a large open field, are two long rows of one-story white buildings, in which dwell the dusky objects of a nation's turmoil. The August sun beats down with a power that would roast a joint in no time, and unbroken by a single tree, extends its full force upon the quarters of the contrabands. At one end of the two rows of buildings are two small whitewashed shanties, one occupied by Superintendent Nichols, the other by the doctor. At the opposite end of the inclosed space are two large tents, one of which is used for male and the other for female patients. This is the external character of the Contraband Depot—a name not in good odor, by the way, with the upper classes, the elite of Washington's colored population.

"Do you know where the Contraband Depot is?" inquired I of a "fancy-looking" darkey, on my way out.

"No, sah," responded he, with the air of a Forest in Jack Code.

"Ah, yes. Well, can you tell me the point, sir, where those colored gentlemen and ladies, and likewise their offspring, are confined, who have been escaped from the chains and tyranny of Southern masters?"

The gentleman looked for a moment as if he suspected some sell in the character of my question, and then replied with a grin, "you see I am a white householder, and I don't want to be colored folks is dat jes cum from Duff Green's."

Thanking him, which was responded to by a polite touch of the hat, I drove on, and soon reached the quarters.

Directly in front of the Superintendent's room a half-dozen contrabands were engaged in stoning up a well which they had just dug. A windmill had been rigged over the mouth, and with this several contrabands, in garments of every pattern and hue, were engaged in lowering bricks into the well. That is, I suppose this was their business, for a steady look of five minutes would convince me that the bucket was not coming up or going down. In fact, their only business seemed to be, not how much they could do, but how little. They seemed to be endeavoring to discover the exact mean between doing nothing and succeeding in doing something.

They had been in the line of duty for some time, and they were tired, and they were hungry, and they were thirsty, and they were cold, and they were hot, and they were everything but happy.

Having secured superintendents, Nichols, we started to visit the buildings. The first we came to was a room about ten by twelve feet square, with a single small window, one or two stools, and some benches arranged for sleeping like those on a steamboat. A risk, offensive, stalling odor was rising from the door, and the window in dense volumes, but, by hermetically sealing my nose with a thumb and finger, I managed to follow the example of my guide and enter.

Just within the door sat two six-year old specimens of the human race, a boy and a girl, minute and laborious investigation in the interstices of the wool upon the head of the one—a pursuit which every instant seemed to be rewarded with brilliant success. A little to the left, upon the floor, a negro child of sixteen was lying down, with a single small window, one or two stools, and some benches arranged for sleeping like those on a steamboat.

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gro-work. Ah, how these descendants of Ham do hate it!

Mr. Nichols, who has spent some time at Hilton Head, and who knows the negro character thoroughly, says that it is perfectly useless to put arms into the hands of the negroes, for they will not fight, and they are as afraid of a gun as of lightning. They will learn to drill readily and admirably; but as for fighting, it is not in them. Yet I suppose the testimony of such men, or the testimony of any others, will not in the least interfere with the insane effort which the whites make to organize negro regiments. Let them if it be expedient, shovel, dig, and do the menial and laborious work of campaigning; to go further than this is sheer folly, the idiosyncrasy of fanaticism.

In the evening I attended a "darkey prayer-meeting." When I entered, I found the small building densely crowded by woolly heads of both sexes, and of all possible ages and sizes. The stolidity and impressiveness of the marring were changed as if by magic, for never, even in an election row, did I witness such a scene of excitement. One elderly individual, whose forehead commenced at his eyebrows and ran straight back, all at an angle to the rest of his head, with the crown of his head, and whose back was wrapped with what had once been a white handkerchief, was "leading in prayer," with the whole congregation accompanying him on their knees.

Before the old man was a barrel, and on that he beat a regular devil's tattoo with his hands, praying the while with a vim that overtopped the other voices as the music of the organ. The values of musketry; yet, what he said it was impossible to catch. All over the house the volume of prayer rose unintermittently in words—a perfect howl seemingly of demagogues, only broken here and there by the cry, "Hallelujah," and "Oh glory" of some irrepressible, happy sisters. If the prophets of Babel had called half as loud as did these, they would have woken him sure, even though he slept, or his ears were of brass.

After the prayer came singing, or rather a monotonous chant and repetition of some such words as,

"Oh, bress de Lord, we's a gwine home," in which every body joined with the whole strength of his or her lungs, saying, "body body" all the while, and accompanied the music by a vigorous slapping of hands. The music was not without its inspiration, for a half drunk soldier who sat immediately behind me, and had both the upper classes, the elite of Washington's colored population.

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"No, sah," responded he, with the air of a Forest in Jack Code.

"Ah, yes. Well, can you tell me the point, sir, where those colored gentlemen and ladies, and likewise their offspring, are confined, who have been escaped from the chains and tyranny of Southern masters?"

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declined to 75c for red, and 85c for white, with a good demand at these rates, from the Lake region, and from the East. The indications are that the receipts of wheat at this place, the coming season, will be double those of any previous season. Corn advanced to 40c; the demand from distillers being pressing, but several purchases were made at 38c, 39c, and 40c. After the month, the demand from distillers will fall off largely. Rye advanced to 55c, and in good demand. Oats remain at 42c, with less speculative feeling. New corn brought to 35c, and in moderate demand. Whiskey advanced to 87c, but fell back to 85c, closing irregular.

Cheese, being in light supply, advanced 15c, and butter for the same reason advanced 15c. The extreme warren season is the chief cause of this high supply, it being exceedingly difficult to bring either to market in good condition when the temperature is rarely below 80 degrees, ranging from that to 95.

Spirits turpentine has advanced to \$2.50, owing to the scarcity. It is up to